And madly play with my forefathers ioynts?
And plucke the mangled *Tybalt* from his shrowde,
And in this rage, with some great kinsmans bone,
As with a club dash out my desperate braines.
O looke, me thinks I see my Cozins Ghost,
Seeking out *Romeo* that did spit his body
Vpon a Rapiers point: stay *Tybalt*, stay;
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, heres drinke, I drinke to thee.

Enter Lady of the house and Nurse.

La. Hold, take these keies, and fetch more spices Nurse.
Nur. They call for Dates and Quinces in the Pastrie.

Enter old Capulet.

Ca. Come, stir, stir, stir, the second Cocke hath crowed,
The Curphew Bell hath roung, tis three a clocke:
Looke to the bakte meates, good *Angelica*,
Spare not for cost.
Nur. Go you Cot-queane, go,
Get you to bed, faith youle be sicke to morrow
For this nights watching.
Ca. No not a whit, what? I haue watcht ere now
All night for lesse cause, and nere beene sicke.
La. I you haue bin a mouse-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from such watching now.

Exit Lady and Nurse.

Ca. A iealous hood, a iealous hood, now fellow, what is there?

Enter three or foure with spits and logs and baskets.

Fel. Things for the Cooke sir, but I know not what.
Ca. Make haste, make haste sirra, fetch drier Logs.
Call *Peter*, he will shew thee where they are.
Fel. I haue a head sir, that will find out logs,
And neuer trouble *Peter* for the matter.
Ca. Masse and well said, a merrie horson, ha,
Thou shalt be loggerhead; good father tis day.

Play Musicke.

The Countie will be here with musicke straight,
For so he said he would, I heare him neere.
Nurse, wife, what ho, what Nurse I say?

Enter.

Enter Nurse.

Go waken *Iuliet*, go and trim her vp,
Ile go and chat with *Paris*, hie, make haste, (I say.
Make haste, the bridegroome, he is come already, make haste
Nur. Mistris, what mistris, *Iuliet*, fast I warrant her she,
Why Lambe, why Lady, fie you sluggabed,
VVhy Loue I say, Madam, sweet heart, why Bride:
VVhat not a word, you take your peniworths now,
Sleepe for a weeke, for the next night I warrant
The Countie *Paris* hath set vp his rest,
That you shall rest but little, God forgiue me,
Marrie and Amen: how sound is she a sleepe:
I must needs wake her: Madam, Madam, Madam,
I, let the Countie take you in your bed,
Heele fright you vp yfaith, will it not be?
VVhat dresst, and in your clothes, and downe againe?
I must needs wake you, Lady, Lady, Lady.
Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Lady es dead.
Oh weleaday, that euer I was borne,
Some Aqua-vitæ ho, my Lord, my Lady.
Mo. VVhat noise is heere?
Nur. O lamentable day.
Mo. VVhat is the matter?
Nur. Looke, looke, oh heauie day.
Mo. O me, O me, my child, my onely life:
Reuiue, looke vp, or I will die with thee:
Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

Enter Father.

Fa. For shame bring *Iuliet* forth, her Lord is come:
Nur. Shees dead: deceast, shees dead, alacke the day,
M. Alack the day, shees dead, shees dead, shees dead.
Fa. Hah let me see her, out alas shees cold,
Her blood is setled and her ioynts are stiffe:
Life and these lips haue long bene seperated,
Death lies on her like an vntimely frost
Vpon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Nur. O

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